

SEP 11 1924 ✓

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DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK ✓

Photoplay in 7 reels ✓

From the story by Harrison Ainsworth ✓ x

Scenario by Leslie H. Gordon ✓

Directed by Maurice Elvey

Author of the Photoplay (under section 62)
Stoll Picture Productions Ltd. of London ✓

SEP 11 1924

Washington, D. C.

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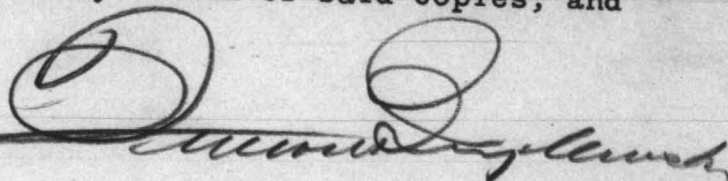
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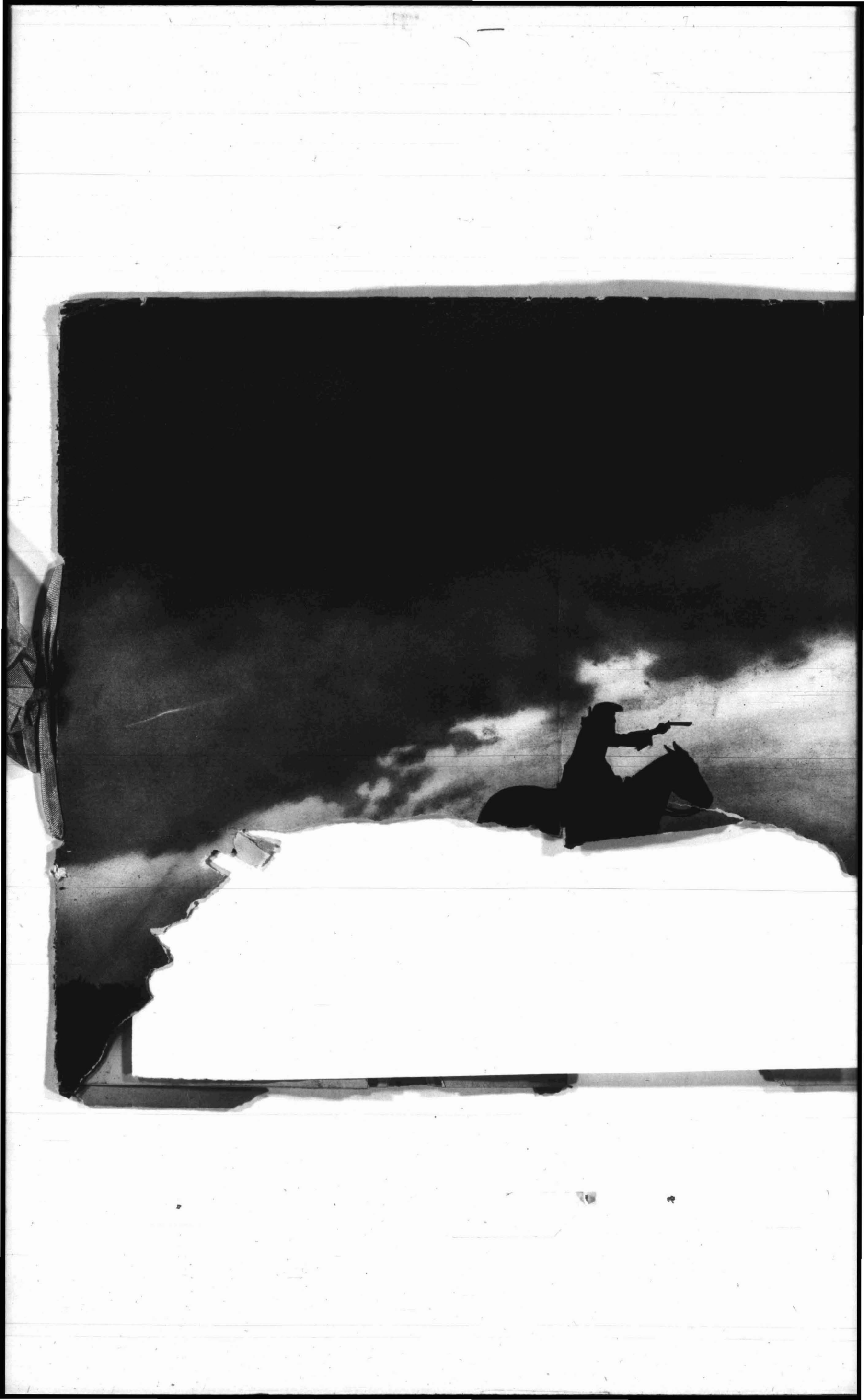
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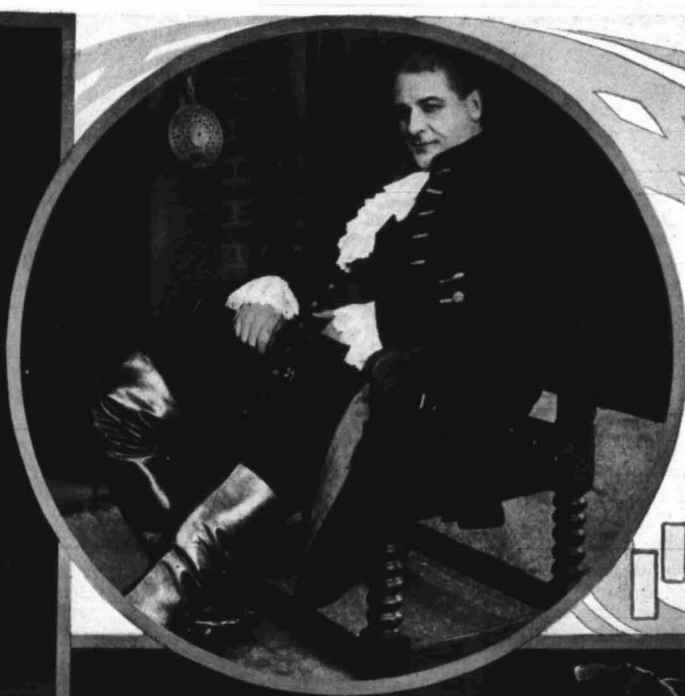
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DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK

A Romance of the good old days when the Second George was King

A STOLL PICTURE PRODUCTION

The Cast

Dick Turpin	MATHESON LANG	Luke Somers	CECIL HUM
Esther Bevis	ISOBEL ELSOM	His Godfather	JAMES I
"Ferret" Bevis	NORMAN PAGE	Lady Weston	MDME. D'T
Sally Dutton	LILY IRIS	The Earl of Weston	MALCO
Tom King	LEWIS GILBERT	The Bow Street Runner	TONY

THE STORY OF THE FILM

STAND and deliver! Fateful words and frequent, too, on the Great North Road, the lonely highway that led to York. Travellers by coach and steed made the journey. A roadside hostelry sheltered the highwaymen. The road would come the cost.

A high-backed settee sheltered a handsome man who attentive to the conversation in the room, smiling pleasantly at the beautiful "Ferret" Bevis. Highwaymen held no terrors for the brave. Vainly Esther preached. "But there is your ring, father."

The famous Dick Turpin, the old highwayman, was never on the road. He was in the castle of Castle Weston.

May I ask the name of the Earl of Weston? This lady, who was upon that while she read, proves that she is the Earl of Weston. The Stoll Film Co. 153/157 Oxford Street London, W1 & Bristol

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LEWIS GILBERT	The Bow Street Runner	TONY FRASER

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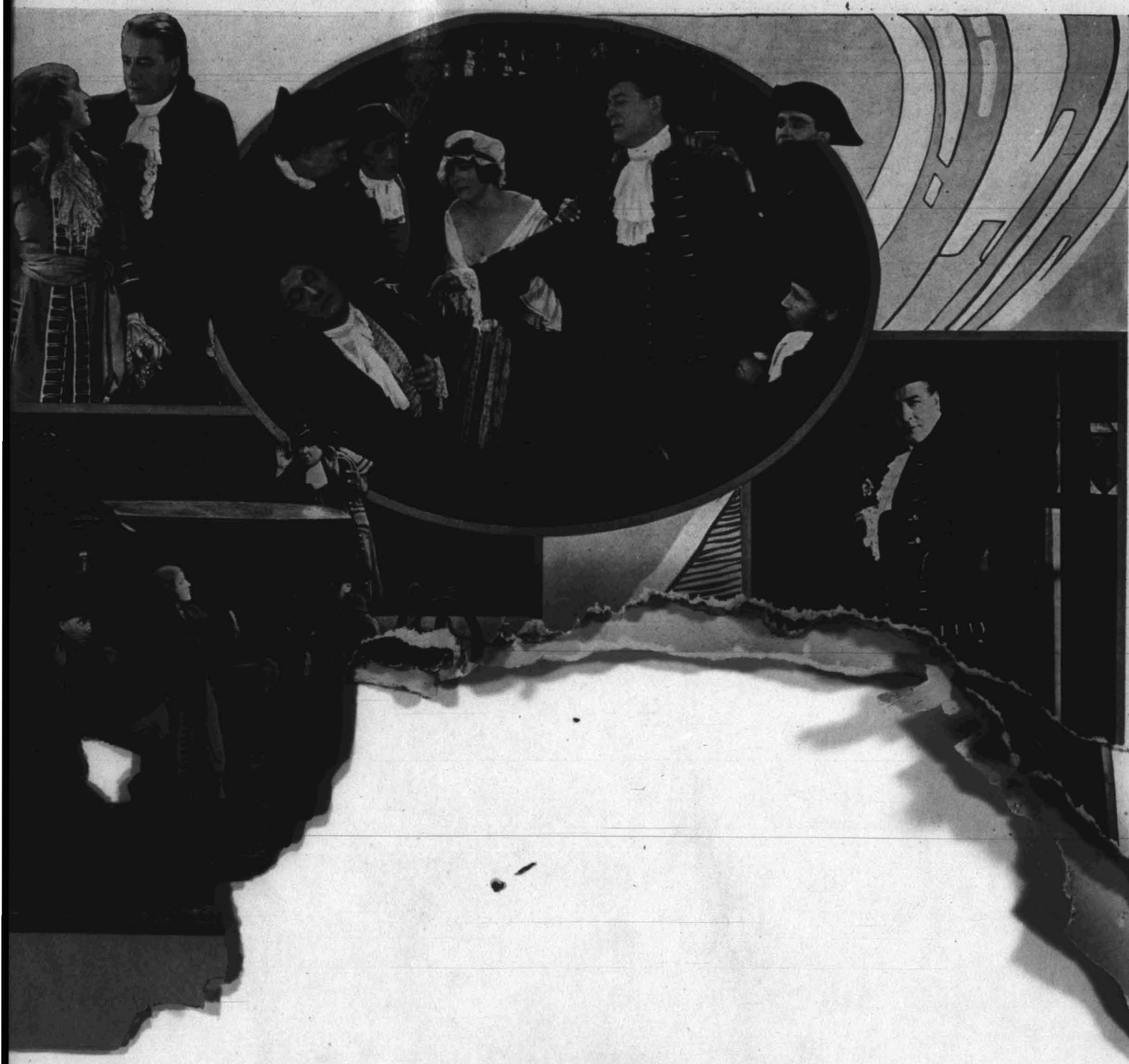
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May I ask the same. Not even the great Dick



The Stoll Film Co Ltd
153/157 Oxford Street
London, W1 & Branches





Outside, the horses were champing at their bits, and the sound of the horn roused Bevis, who bustled out.

"Beware, sir, or you may lose your fifty guineas," chaffed Richard Palmer.

Then a strange thing happened. The self-styled Richard Palmer took hat and cloak and moving quickly to the other door, laughingly said to Tom King, "Can't help it, Tom, and what a pretty daughter." To the stables he hastened. There stood a beautiful black mare:

"She cares not for distance,
She knows not distress,
That horse of the highwayman,
Bonnie Black Bess."

"Richard Palmer" was none other than the redoubtable Dick Turpin, and it was with this Knight of the Road that "Ferret" Bevis had wagered fifty guineas that his ring was safe!

On the road to York. Along that highway which he knew was safe, the coach bore Bevis and his pretty daughter. And behind them Black Bess galloped. Over hedge and ditch Dick Turpin took the mare until an oak offered shelter. Dick Turpin watched the road and waited till the coach was nearly abreast. Then came the command: "Stand and Deliver!" Out of the coach climbed the surprised Bevis. Shakingly he looked at the masked figure before him. With a cringe of fear he handed over the ring and would have surrendered Esther's jewel case, but the girl seized it and defiantly faced the robber.

"A kiss is the only toll I levy on pretty ladies, sweet mistress," said Turpin gallantly; but when the look in Esther's eyes told him that she would as soon part with her jewels, Turpin meekly said: "I crave your pardon, mistress, and wistfully stood aside till the coach was driven away."

* * *

In a cottage a mile or so from the "hold up," Luke Somers, a soul warped by adversity, was tending his godfather, an aged man upon whom the hand of time had fallen heavily. Dick Turpin, not standing ceremony when Black Bess required water, knocked at the door and entered.

"I crave your help, sir. My godfather is sorely stricken," said Somers.

Together they led the old man to a settee. He feebly motioned to pay attention. "Godson—ere it be too late—you are the real the Earl of Weston. Forgive me, but your mother made me a secret."

"The proofs! Where are the proofs?" cried Somers hastily.

"You will find all the proofs behind the Apostle panel in the Chamber at Castle Weston," replied the old man, sinking into Turpin's arms and dying.

The warped soul of the possibilities of wealth and power. Dick Turpin smiled as he looked at the old man. "I am ever on the side of the poor man," he said. "Courage, friend, go to Castle Weston and find the proofs."

Castle Weston stood on the outskirts of York City, and it was there that Ferret Bevis was taking Esther. "'Tis lucky," he said to himself, "that chance presents itself of marrying you to the son of my old friend, the Countess of Weston."

"But father, I've never seen him. He may be old and ugly," said the girl.

The widowed Lady Weston warmly welcomed Esther and told her Bevis's story of the robbery. The recital rather amused the girl, who did take father's ring, but Esther smiled sweetly—"A very nice highwayman."

Then the Earl of Weston was announced, a handsome stalwart.

"Look, child! Look! He's not old or ugly," whispered Bevis. Esther shook hands with the stranger, and smiled to see that he was not so old as she had feared.

So anxious had Somers been to secure evidence of his inheritance, he did not ask Dick Turpin his name until they halted at an inn on the moors not far from Castle Weston. "What is your name, sir?" he asked.

"My name? Richard Palmer. Occupation? Gentleman!"

Somers doubted both name and description when he heard Bevis gleefully narrating the bet with Bevis to a crowd in the inn. "But a merry jest—I called myself Richard Palmer." Somers rightly guessed that the amused men followed Turpin's "occupation."

To climb the verandah and find the bridal chamber offered food to the active Turpin, but in his successful search for the panel he knocked over a chair. The commotion below led him to the step. With the document in his pocket he walked down the grand staircase.

"I am no ghost," he said, "but at your service with importance."

Esther Bevis recognised the stranger as he stood among the crowd and smiled upon his handsome features.

"What means this intrusion, sir? Who are you?" demanded Bevis.

"May I ask the same question, sir?"

"I am the Earl of Weston," was the proud response.

Dick Turpin shook his head and said, turning to Bevis, "This lady, whom I presume is your mother, may be upon that point." He placed the parchment in her hands while she read. "You knew the existence of this document, which proves that Luke Somers is the right heir of Weston. Back at the accusation, and Turpin called Somers a liar."

He pressed Turpin to become his guest, and he said that his hospitality should be extended to Luke Somers.

He gazed at the new Earl, and disliked him. He told Black Bess that the most chance was on him.

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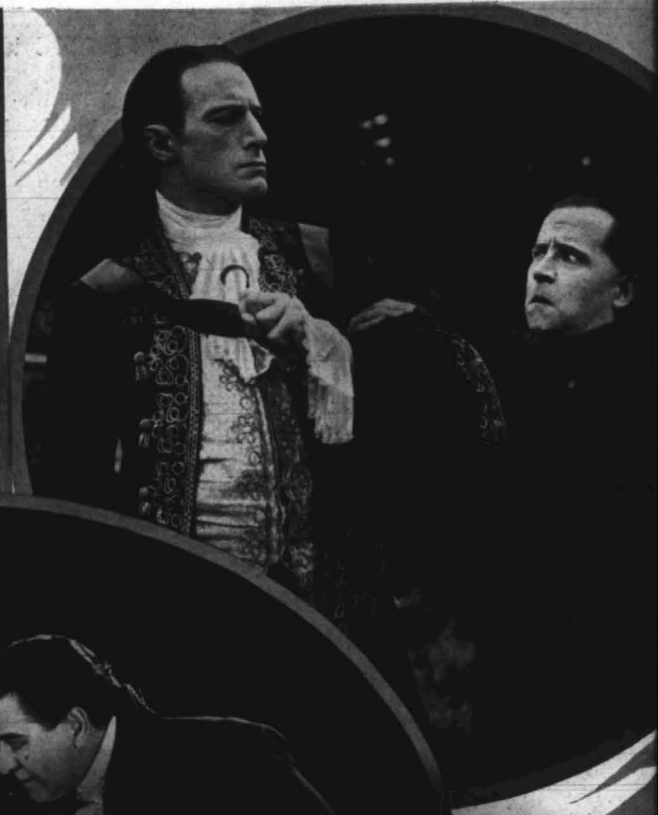
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Lonely and dispossessed, Charles was unhappy, and Esther was sad. Turpin smiled as he watched the conceit of the Earl, but sought to aid Esther. "You are sad, sweet lady. May I help you?"

"I am sad because I love one of whom my father does not approve," she said.

"His name, sweet lady, his name?"

"Charles Weston."

"If ever you should want help, send a message to me at the Falstaff Inn, and I will come to you," said Turpin, making a promise that led to a wonderful fulfilment.

"Thanks, and thanks again," replied the girl. Then she asked: "But why did you never claim the fifty guineas you won from my father, Mr. Turpin?"

"You know . . . me?" he asked, surprised.

Esther smiled as she walked away.

Believing that the man who once befriended him was in his way, the Earl sent for a Bow Street Runner. He revealed "Palmer's" true character to Bevis and adopted the suggestion of that mean little spirit that Charles should be secreted in the tower of the Castle. As a preliminary, Charles was informed that he must go to Weston estates in Scotland. He said good-bye to the girl he loved, and Esther assured him that her heart should belong to him all her life.

"Mr. Palmer" rode south, leaving the girl he had grown to love. He made a confidant of his mare. "After all, Bess, you couldn't expect her to fall in love with a highwayman. Ah, well, we've chosen the road, Bess, so we'll go back to the road!"

Not a moment too soon, either, for the Bow Street Runner had lost no time in answering Somers' call. The following evening Charles said farewell to his mother and rode away, to be ambushed and carried secretly to the tower. Esther had watched him leave, and returning to the house was stopped by Somers, who tried to make love to her.

"Beast! I hate you," she said. "I would that Charles or Mr. Palmer were here to deal with you!" Wrenching free she ran from the room. The Bow Street man had witnessed the episode, and waited for Esther.

"I overheard you mention my friend, Palmer. Can you find him?" he asked.

"At the Falstaff Inn. If I write a letter will you deliver it?"

The man said he would be delighted, and Esther wrote. Somers read with a grin. "Ride like the wind, man, and you are credited with the capture of Turpin."

Tom King had made a mistake. He had not expected that the Bow Street Runner would be so quick, and in the bar of the Falstaff Inn was making

was "wild" with rage, and asked of a customer: "What price for the delivery into your hands of one, Tom King?"

"I'll be here with my men to-night, just before nine," replied the Bow Street Runner, and Sally was satisfied that she was to be revenged on Tom King's deceit.

Down the long road from York two riders were nearing their destination. Both were bound for the Falstaff Inn. It wanted but a quarter of nine when the leading rider heard sounds of a scuffle and the cries of alarm. Tom King, quietly drinking in the inn, had been seized by several highwaymen, and was putting up a stiff fight for freedom. Dick Turpin, for his part, rode to the door and, flinging himself from the saddle to the assistance of his friend. One of his ever-ready pistols came into play, and he shot to release Tom, but the rapid movements of the fight destroyed his aim, and his friend fell mortally wounded. The deed so unnerved Turpin that he was easily held, and amid the confusion the second rider from York appeared. He it was who bore Esther—
—and a postscript.

"Well, friend Turpin, at last!" chortled the new comer, taking a letter from his pocket. "There's no harm in allowing you to deliver it, since you are safely in our hands."

The Bow Street Runner held Esther's appeal before the highwaymen. He read Esther's "Do come back!" and then Somers' postscript. "When you read this the Bow Street Runners will have you again. Have Esther."

His love for the girl in Castle Weston awaiting his return to her from the clutches of Somers, gave Dick Turpin strength. With the aid of a maniac he struggled to be free. Against the tremendous odds of a man fighting once in a lifetime. Man after man he drove to the ground. Still they came on, and even his mighty strength could not withstand them.

"Bess, a rescue! A rescue!" he shouted. Into the fray rushed Black Bess. With teeth and hoof the bonny black mare strove against the highwaymen. She butted and kicked, and stamped, and swung her quarters. Dick Turpin was free, and then the highwayman mounted and rode for dear life—for his life and the life of the girl he loved. Love, resolve, and Black Bess galloped as never before, to do the bidding of her rider upon her back.

Into the night Black Bess plunged, and hard upon her flying back the man who swore to capture Dick Turpin or die. On, ever onward, the night until with the dawn the limits of two shires were passed. In front, head low down on the mare's neck, Dick Turpin led the way to Castle Weston.

While the Runner was riding south, Esther told Esther that she wished to marry her in three days. The hours went swiftly.

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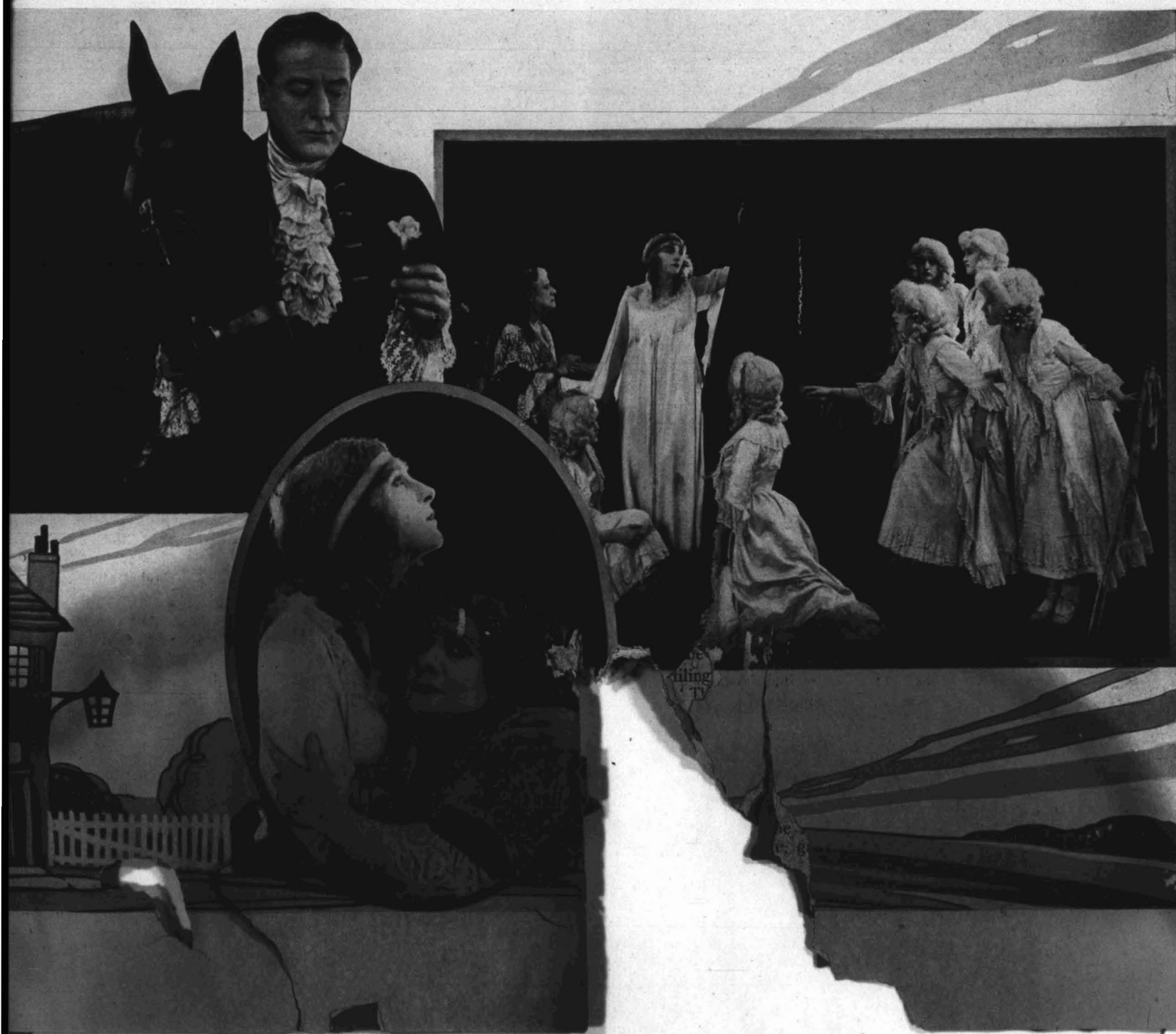
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and the girl was for ever asking Lady Weston: "Do you think Mr. Palmer got my message? I wonder if he will come?"

And the wedding was to-morrow.

O'er hill and moor, through peaceful hamlet, and busy farm, Black Bess bore her master. From hard high road to soft green sward he turned his mare. Every ounce of strength would she require. Toll-gate she leapt and left behind the road as across the fields and through the woods she sped. Every mile to York would count, with those grim chasers hard behind, and riding, too, as if the devil were at their heels. A drink for both at a wayside hostelry and they were off again, and ever behind rode the vengeful Runners. Thundering in the rear they came like a pack of wolves. Whipping and spurring till horses failed. Then, "Fresh horses in the name of the King!"

A rich prize, a rare prize was somewhere in front, not many miles, but "her sire was blood, and blood her dam, and all her pedigree." Black Bess galloped mightily those days, and on her heaving back a jaded rider clung with grim desperation and steeled determination. Hour left hour, and the miles to Castle Weston grew fewer till sixty were left. Twenty leagues to ride, and it was the wedding morn!

Countryside and city flocked to the wedding, and at night the castle rang with laughter as the guests toasted bride and bridegroom. To her chamber the maids led Esther and bowed as they left her with her thoughts and fears. Shudderingly she locked the door against her husband and waited—waited for the man who was out upon the moor hunted by fierce men.

Up in his prison, Charles learned from the jailer that the wedding feast was nearly over. To save the girl he loved the young man attacked the jailer and dashed downstairs at break-neck speed. With a loud cry he rushed at the drunken Somers and fought his way up to Esther's room till outnumbered he was held and the door closed behind him.

but her spirit spurred her onwards till Fulford was passed of York in sight. Only five miles behind the Runners, she tore along. The miles were long miles now, and Bess could

"Bess, old girl, we've nearly won. Come, lass," while looking anxiously over his shoulder to the edge of the moor. But a quiver ran through her frame, her eye grew glassy, for her heart had broken.

"She is dying! Bess, my Bess!" cried the highwayman, tears from his eyes. With a moan, Bess lifted her head, fearless, kissed her farewell. He sobbed as the head of the bonniest mare that ever galloped, fell. "Bess, oh, Bess. A

His greatest friend dead, his task unfinished. Turpin, alone, ran to Castle Weston, and once again climbed to the Bridal Chamber.

A moment before secure in his sense of possession, the highwayman turned to look with fear at the apparition which had parted with him. With a cry of thankfulness, Esther ran to the highwayman that hard upon his heels the Bow Street Runners were speeding. He would not kill an unarmed man.

He held a pistol out to Somers. "A fighting chance! Back to back; three paces—then fire!" The craven gave up, and, craven still, fired at the second pace. Wiping the furrow ploughed on his cheek by the bullet, Turpin fired, and—
—to die.

"Open in the name of the King," came the demand from the doors which the Runners were battering. The highwayman, to a window overlooking the terrace and waited. Esther, which her husband had fired, and was standing with it when he opened the door and crowded into the room. They seized him. Turpin called to them.

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was for ever asking Lady Weston: "Do you think Mr. Palmer sage? I wonder if he will come?"

wedding was to-morrow.

and moor, through peaceful hamlet, and busy farm, Black Bess aster. From hard high road to soft green sward he turned his y ounce of strength would she require. Toll-gate she leapt and the road as across the fields and through the woods she sped. to York would count, with those grim chasers hard behind, too, as if the devil were at their heels. A drink for both at a telry and they were off again, and ever behind rode the vengeful hundering in the rear they came like a pack of wolves. Whipping g till horses failed. Then, "Fresh horses in the name of the

prize, a rare prize was somewhere in front, not many miles, but as blood, and blood her dam, and all her pedigree." Black Bess ghtily those days, and on her heaving back a jaded rider clung desperation and steeled determination. Hour left hour, and the stle Weston grew fewer till sixty were left. Twenty leagues t it was the wedding morn!

side and city flocked to the wedding, and at night the castle laughter as the guests toasted bride and bridegroom. To her e maids led Esther and bowed as they left her with her thoughts Shudderingly she locked the door against her husband and ited for the man who was out upon the moor hunted by fierce

is prison, Charles learned from the jailer that the wedding feast over. To save the girl he loved the young man attacked the dashed downstairs at break-neck speed. With a loud cry he the drunken Somers and fought his way up to Esther's room-

but her spirit spurred her onwards till Fulford was passed and the Towers of York in sight. Only five miles behind the Runners, on fresh horses, tore along. The miles were long miles now, and Bess could do no more.

"Bess, old girl, we've nearly won. Come, lass," whispered Turpin, looking anxiously over his shoulder to the edge of the moor behind him. But a quiver ran through her frame, her eye grew glassy, fixed. Her heart had broken.

"She is dying! Bess, my Bess!" cried the highwayman, wiping the tears from his eyes. With a moan, Bess lifted her head, and Turpin the fearless, kissed her farewell. He sobbed as the head of Black Bess, the bonniest mare that ever galloped, fell. "Bess, oh, Bess. Art thou gone?"

His greatest friend dead, his task unfinished. Turpin, almost dead beat, ran to Castle Weston, and once again climbed to the Bridal Chamber.

A moment before secure in his sense of possession, the Earl of Weston turned to look with fear at the apparition which had parted the curtains. With a cry of thankfulness, Esther ran to the highwayman. Turpin knew that hard upon his heels the Bow Street Runners were spurring, and yet he would not kill an unarmed man.

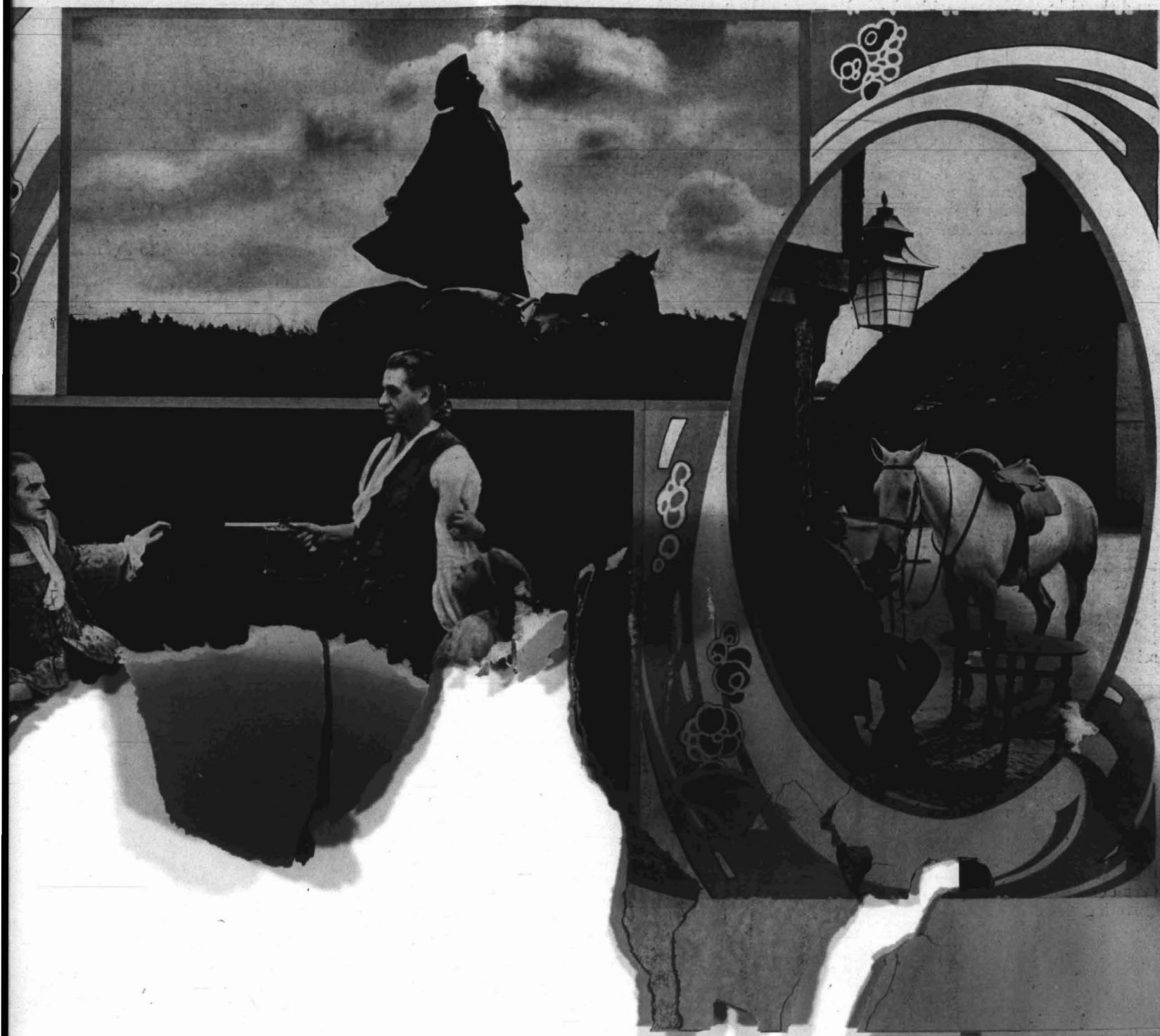
He held a pistol out to Somers. "A fighting chance for your life. Back to back; three paces—then fire!" The craven grasped the pistol, and, craven still, fired at the second pace. Wiping the blood from the furrow ploughed on his cheek by the bullet, Turpin fired, and Somers fell—to die.

"Open in the name of the King," came the demand from without the doors which the Runners were battering. The highwayman, smiling, walked to a window overlooking the terrace and waited. Esther raised the pistol which her husband had fired, and was standing with it when the men burst open the door and crowded into the room. They seized Esther, but Dick Turpin called to them

blackguard."

ms. Bold spirits
pistol aimed at
dled up to the
the highwayman
But no! The
hwaymen,





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